

Grant.
H LIBERTY,
MSW
A

P O E M.

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

ADDISON.

G L A S G O W :

PRINTED BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,
M.DCC.LXXIV.



ANCIENT AND MODERN

I T A L Y

COMPARED:

BEING THE FIRST PART OF

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

F R E D E R I C K,

PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following poem under our protection ; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of liberty have so zealous a Patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the kindest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the Prince, and of the Patriot, united : overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of King and People; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easily felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in **GREAT-BRITAIN**, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to **YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS**; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON

THE
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PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of antient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears characterised as British Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of antient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contrasted by Modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived sculpture, painting and architecture; to ver. 256. The Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy; Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiae, now changed; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first

ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation. A. 2

LIBERTY.

With a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Let us sing unto the hand of the Lord.

With a joyful noise unto the Lord.

With a joyful noise unto the Lord.

With a joyful noise unto the Lord.

O MY lamented TALBOT! while with thee

The Muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian round,

And drew th' inspiring breath of antient arts;

Ah! little thought she her returning verse

Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.

And does the mystic veil from mortal beam

Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,

And all thy FATHER's candid spirit shone?

The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;

Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;

Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,

And limpid truth, that looks the very soul,

But to the death of mighty nations turn,

My strain; be there absorpt the private tear,

Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks;

Where at each step imagination burns;

While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,

Lyes, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome;

The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface;

What'er of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where

Unfettered ranges, Fancy's magic hand

Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,

Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress.

When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave enlarging touch gave doleful life :
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours noded on her brow.

Sublime of port: loose b'et her boulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.

An island Goddess now: and her high care
The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight;
And as she moved to speak, th' awaken'd muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins marked,
And then, her sights reflecting, thus began.

Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine;
But ah, how changed! the falling poor remains
Of what exulted once th' Ausonian shore.
Look back through time; and rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

The great republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Paces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quick'ning all the land,
With cities strong'd, and seeming culture high;
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheating, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lap

Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song :
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale :
On Baiae's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine, thro' purest air :
Or in the spacious neighbour-hood of Rome ;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;
To where Prenestine lifts her airy brow ;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads :
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay,
Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory see !
Behold her demigods, in senate met ;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act ;
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd and bold ;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice,
Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires *,

* L. Junius Brutus, and Virginius.

As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the State.
See Justice judging there in human shape.
Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
Free for their country and for Me to die :
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth ;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mold.
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark ? Unjoyous view !
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
Who but these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life ; who but in them

With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
Would trace thy wilds, and cities loose of sway!

Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? these deserted towns,
Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of antient opulence and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat,
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champion flies,
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desart, desolate, and grey;
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth,
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer! Foe
To human kind! thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Coecubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, fave in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.
Nor half thy triumph this: cast from brute fields,

Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns ; even sleep itself,
Lest delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
And art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employed. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope ;—
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from ETERNAL GOOD,
That life enlivens, and exalts it powers,
With views of fortune—madness all to them !
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where GOD's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round ;
While the lone Tyber, thro' the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.

Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!

And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.

Within the city bounds, the desart see.

See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good

Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,

Elate with glory, an heroic soul

Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
A thin despairing number, all subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unman'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.

Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,

Thy sons, OPPRESSION, are; and such were MINE.

Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve, all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my Ruins vie.
These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,

Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, *where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; these massy column's, hew'd
From Africk's farthest shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this * Sacred Way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece.
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast:
Thy † BUONAROTIS, thy PALLADIOS mine;
And mine the fair designs, which RAPHAEL's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.

What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,

* Via Sacra.

† MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI, PALLADIO,
and RAPHAEL D'URBINO; the three great modern
masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

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The queen of nations rose ; possess'd of all
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow :
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk ? Your crowded plains,
Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ;
Ungrac'd your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams :
These could you know ? these could you love again ?
Thy Tibur, HORACE, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song : while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortured stream, you mus'd along ?

* Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
Could, TULLY, you your Tusculum believe ?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken † bay,
Your Formian shore ? once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-smiling, joined
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How chang'd, how vacant, VIRGIL, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem ? Disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,

* Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place
now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

† The bay of Mola (anciently Formiae) into
which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions.
Near Formiae Cicero had a villa.

His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage : *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe ; a *foreign*, tears without.
First from your flatter'd Caesars this began :
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the || syren plain,
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd ;
And wrapt in weeds the shore of § Venus lies.
There Baiae sees no more the joyous throng ;
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome :
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main :
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise ;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend ;
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, faddingen o'er the coast ;
* Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,

‡ Naples, then under the Austrian government.

|| Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

§ The coast of Baiae, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines ; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

* All along this coast, the antient Romans had

Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Even nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the rude abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.

Hence, Britain, learn; my best-establish'd, last,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign:
The land where, King and People equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there desponding fail the common arts,

their winter retreats, and several populous cities
stood.

And sustenance of life; could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plow the dreadful all-producing wave?

Here paus'd the Goddess. By the pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.

“ Oh first, and most benevolent of powers!
“ Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
“ Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
“ To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
“ The native rights and honours of their race:
“ Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
“ Yielding to none, the Progress of thy Reign,
“ And with a strain from Thee enrich the Muse.
“ As Thee alone she serves, her patron, Thou,
“ And great inspirer be! then will she joy,
“ Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade:
“ And when her venal voice she barters vile,
“ Or to thy open or thy secret foes;
“ May ne'er these sacred raptures touch her more,
“ By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
“ Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
“ Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
“ That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the Heavenly Power
Return'd.—“ What here, suggested by the scene,

“ I slight unfold, record, and sing at home,
“ In that blest isle, where (so we spirits move)
“ With one quick effort of my will I am.
“ There Truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
“ Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the Free!
“ Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race,
“ O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice :
“ And there, to finish what his fires began,
“ A Prince behold! for Me who burns sincere,
“ Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work
“ Will parent-like sustain ; and added give
“ The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
“ For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
“ And antient arts he emulous revolves :
“ His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
“ Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
“ To please his pleasure; bounty his delight;
“ And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.”

Hail, glorious theme! But how, alas! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
The Goddess flash'd at once upon my soul.
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods.
Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene the human drama spread;
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh Tao! to whom the Muses owe their flame;
Who bidst, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrene flow; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons hear.

G R E E C E :
BEING THE
SECOND PART
OF
L I B E R T Y,
A
POEM.

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THE
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PART II.

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C. O. N. A. T. W. C.

卷之六

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T II.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the vision rose.

First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With Reason then and Equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simpler wants.
Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd.
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,

On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd :
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd ;
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primaeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forest drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wand'ring swain,
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;
Who scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came :
Earth smil'd beneath my beam : the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
But now to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook ;
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And King as well as People, proud obey'd,
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;

By poets, sages, legislatures sought ;
The school of polish'd life, and human kind.
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her * Civil Sister league'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind !
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd :
For yielded reason speaks the foul a slave.
Instead of useful works, like nature's great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land :
And round a tyrant's † tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcase perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon *, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd, — " This flood is
mine,

" "Tis I that bid it flow." — But, undeeiv'd,
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;
Felt that without my fertilizing power
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'er-flowed in vain.
Nought could retard me, nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste ; nor yet the ports
Of old Phoenicia ; first for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight.
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,

* Civil Tyranny.

† The Pyramids. † The Tyrants of Egypt.

The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.

Hail Nature's utmost boast ! unrival'd Greece !
My fairest reign ! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire :
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iōnian or Ægean, temper'd kind :
Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay ;
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales. [flow'd ;
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of Gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of Song :
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My restless Arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds ;
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves ;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Lybian Main !

O'er All two rival'd cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd All. Spread on Eurotas' bank,

Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta One : the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city ; which no shape
Of Pain could conquer, nor of Pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built on the solid base
Of equal life so well a temper'd state ;
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking, and supporting each ;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece, without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there
Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land !
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil ; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase,
Confin'd and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by routing thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose,
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus * spread, amid the scented sky,
* A mountain near Athens.

His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health,
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus * glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty council immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling Whole; and, with the weight
Which the two + senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confin'd,
For emulation thro' the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel

* Two rivers betwixt which Athens was situated.

† The Arcopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

In government well pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high;
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair;
In exercise, and arms, arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.

Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardor burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa * gave.

Hence flourish'd Greece; and hence a race of men,
As Gods by conscious future times ador'd;
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the fam'd pass †, firm as an isthmus stood;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an host of slaves.

Hence thro' the continent ten thousand Greeks

* Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

† The straits of Thermopylae.

Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd;
Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief *
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their Captain threw;
The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflowed their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud, *the sea! the sea!*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And tho' gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance, and ease,
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.

My Spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.

* Xenophon.

Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage *
And father of philosophy; the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd, each various sect
Took various tincts, but with diminish'd beam,
Tutor of Athens he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stol'd; as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools: the bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

* Socrates.

They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason : and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouched the solid base
Of liberty, the Liberty of Mind :
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts !
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things,
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestic stream, and rowling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of sound,
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threat'ning rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd;
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or soft depress'd it to the Shepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine; the Fountain-Bard *,
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august; the servent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in the impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet funk.
This potent school of manners, but, when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee; whose every son,
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By love imagin'd, by the graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature, Sculpture seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind,
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,

* Homer.

Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing Gods :
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
Or the fly graces of the Cyprian Queen :
Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd ;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ;
Sprung into motion ; softened into flesh ;
Was fir'd to Passion, or refin'd to Soul.

Nor less thy Pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd :
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The Soul of Beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture *, let the city scape.

* When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes ; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jafylus, a master-piece of that painter.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
Correct design; where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their elder sister, came;
And bade her follow where she led the way:
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
And copious action on the canvas glow:
Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
Enlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,
And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole:
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouze to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,

Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd; the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Iōnic then, with decent matron grace,

Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd,
That from the magic wand aërial rise.

These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, Goddess, where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! she resum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superstition, and of Slavery sunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, bentumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breasts awake.
Even, to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand;
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth; or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence, and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious Search restrains,
Afraid to trust th'inhospitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,

Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays:
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and Liberty go round.

Fierce was the stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by Me (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From Hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing: when Greece with Greece
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal:
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the Free;
Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely su'd;
Su'd to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the * Great King;

* So the Kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of fly Corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas;
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Rouz'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To fordid Peace—† Peace, that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could so base, so infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw,
Respiring * Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To crush this rival city to the dust,
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty *my Families* combin'd;

† The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the King of Persia.

* Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.

But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and waged eternal war :
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force ;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the black'ning storm from Thracia came.
* Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
The blush and boast of Fanie ! where courage, art,
And military glory shone supreme :
But let detesting ages, from the scene
Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,
She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agesilaus, and the † Theban Friends ;
The Macedonian vultur mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of || Cheronea lur'd,
And fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;
For every grace, and muse, and science born ;
With arts of war, of government, elate ;
To Tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the Best ;
Whom I Myself could scarcely rule : and thus
The Persian fetters, that enthralld the mind,

* The Peleponnesian war.

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

|| The battle of Cheronea, in which Philip of Macedonia utterly defeated the Greeks.

Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unless Corruption first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of Violence are vain ;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To Vice enslav'd, and Vice-created wants ;
Then to some foul corrupting Hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds :
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state, unnerv'd, in Slavery sinks.

R O M E:

BEING THE THIRD PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

TO THE GENERAL SABINE

Yours truly

M. B. L.

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THE
CONTENTS
OF
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8

LIBERTY.

PART III.

HERE melting mix'd with air th'ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the Goddess sung.
Then I, impatient.—“From extinguis'd Greece,
“To what new region streamed the Human Day?”
She, softly sighing, as when Zephir leaves,
Resigned to Boreas the declining year,
Resumed.—Indignant, these* last scenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
Alt Latium flood aroused. Ages before,
Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
Where, from § Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
They rolled increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman Reign.
With them my spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models formed;
As its parental policy, and arts,
Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assign'd

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.

§ A promontory in Calabria.

A Guardian Genius o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye; tried to sustain,
 Or more sublime, the soul infused by Me:
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
 Against the Tyrant Demons of the land.
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vowed to Rome, on deeds intent
 That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

Not so the Samian Sage *; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.
 For these free states his native † isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And thro' Great Greece ‡ his gentle wisdom taught;
 Wisdom that called for listening § years the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
 His mental eye first launched into the deeps
 Of boundless ether; where unnumbered orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full consenting choir beheld;

* Pythagoras.

† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

‡ The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

§ His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

There first discerned the secret band of love,
The kind attraction that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power;
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorned the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.
He gave the four yet * reigning virtues name;
Inspired the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devised
Where with enlightened justice mercy mixed.
He even, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to Man, and Man to brute again,
For ever shifting runs the eternal round;
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling Form, but rising Whole.
Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,

* The four cardinal virtues.

Fated for Me. A nobler spirit warmed
Her sons; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
It burned in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chased,
With all their crimes; bade radiant aeras rise,
And the long honours of the Consul-line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierced,
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their best empire gained. But to diffuse
O'er Men an empire was my purpose now;
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one State to draw
The whole mix'd Force, and Liberty on earth;
To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last periods you survey,
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire grasped the world,
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
The Nations stooped around; tho' then appeared
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people pressed,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
Then for each Roman I an Hero told;
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That o'er surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believed, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection pushed,
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the Free ;
That godlike passion ! which the bounds of Self,
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart enlarged, and burning high
With the mixed ardor of unnumber'd Selves ;
Of all who safe beneath the Voted Laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
From this kind Sun of Moral Nature flowed
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd thro' story, warm remotest time.
These Virtues too, reflected to their source,
Encreased its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue marked ; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard ;
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more :
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweetened Pain, the luxury of toil ;
Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage ;
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannae bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd ;
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,

And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence Independence, with his Little-pleas'd
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest Roots to Gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The Man maintain'd, the Roman splendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd
To common good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence,
Consuls, Dictators, still resign their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car: soon as expir'd
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
(A harder lesson than to command)
Into the private Roman sunk the Chief.
If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their
And, above envy, in a rival's train [own;
Sung the loud Io's by themselves deserv'd.

Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulph.
Hence Regulus the wav'ring fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sue'd, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd; he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss:
Then dumb, thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illustrious exile! press'd along.
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while and city cloud,
To breath Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear,
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of these unequal times.
Ages revolv'd, unsully'd by a crime:
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them raged, in happy Rome

All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;
And fair unblemish'd centuries claps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalance'd state,
Still between Noble and Plebeian tost,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft tho' the native suds,
That from the first their constitution shook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by Self, so naked lay
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple sable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The soothing touch; still, in the love of Rome,
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide enflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the Field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.

Thus up the hill of empire flow they toil'd;
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states

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Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.

Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense:
From Caledonia's dim coerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire desarts by the Caspian lav'd,
To where the Tygris and Euphrates join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watry north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long * Rha,
In the black || Scythian sea his torrent throws.
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs from the deep loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Lybian sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste

* The antient name of the Volga.

|| The Caspian sea.

A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh;
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues, and states!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!

O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminus sat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian † tyrant to his bounds repell'd,
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—“ To the states of Greece
“ The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
“ Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
“ Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”
The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Stared dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd
(Like one who dreaming between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy,) Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.

† The king of Macedonia.

Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
But still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe amazement held them mute;
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shoot to heaven
From many a thousand hearts extatic sprung.
On every hand rebeelow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills :
Thro' all her turrets stately Corinth * shook ;
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,
Did then, Flaminus, reach thy inmost soul ?
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece ?
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours ;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—“ Ye Gods ! they cry'd,
“ Ye guardian Gods of Greece ! and are we free ?
“ Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?
“ And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?
“ At what a dire expence of kindred blood ?
“ And are they now dissolv'd ? and scarce one drop

* The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

“ For the fair first of blessings have we paid ?
“ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
“ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
“ Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends
“ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still :
“ That the great Gods and Romans only know.
“ Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown
“ A people so magnanimous, to quit
“ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
“ And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
“ Redem our states, our liberties, our laws !
“ There does ! there does ! Oh Saviour Titus ! Rome !”

Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.

As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids ;
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam :
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ;
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here, interposing, I.—“ Oh Queen of men !
“ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
“ Equal they live ; tho' plac'd, for common good,
“ Various, or in subjection or command ;
“ And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,
“ With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
“ Streams into blood, and darkens into woe.”
Thus She pursu'd.—Near this great aera, Rome

Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her sons
These fierce contentions sprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue funk,
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd Aristocratic Pride;
With Usury, the Villain! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And Luxury rapacious; cruel, mean,
Mother of Vice! While on the other crept
A Populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
Their headlong fury! but, of him depriv'd,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

This firm Republic, that against the blast
Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid ax)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,

Even force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose;
Her terror * once, on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smoak'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which Luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while stupid Self,
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense,
Devours the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
Security relax'd the softening state;
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let discord thro' the deathful city loose.
First, mild || Tiberius, on thy sacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood
Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled

* Carthage.

|| Tiberius Gracchus.

Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more: till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power, orrecking gore.
When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian Force begin to sap the mounds.
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus Luxury, Dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want-wishing Change, and waste-repairing War
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood Revenge,
Corruption all-avow'd, and lawless Force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The First of Mankind sunk into the Last,
As once in virtue so in vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose.

Before Ambition still, and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.

A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes hegah: and this, or that,
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd,
Made desarts lovely.—Oh to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scaevola there was, to raise for me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son, a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
No wretch, that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat,
And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt,
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the commonwealth restor'd,

Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Thro' streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
A grace which I to his demission gave:
But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A Master, nor had virtue to be free.
Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
Or of a Catiline or Rullus *, swell'd
With fell designs: and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue;
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd; till the flame anew,
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
The shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Caesar, on whose brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.

* Publius Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,
 " The venal **WILL** be bought, the base have lords."
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
 Spread to the North untam'd a rapid wing.

What tho' the first smooth Caesars arts caress'd,
 Merit, and virtue, simulating Me?
 Severely tender! cruelly humane!
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.
 From the dark Third *, succeeding, I beheld
 Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth
 Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace;
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of antient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
 To that of Paetus § in the peaceful bath,
 Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
 But almost just the meanly-patient death,
 That waits a tyrant's unpreventing stroke.

* Tiberius.

§ Thrasea Paetus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—
 " After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire
 " of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thra-
 " sea," &c.

Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ;
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !
He, who the day when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost :
Trajan and He, with the mild Sire †, and Son,
His son of virtue ! eas'd a while mankind ;
And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort : what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ;
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame,)
On that triumphal arch *, the forms of Greece.

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hemus, I pursu'd my flight ;
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
‡ Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams.
A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel desarts black with sounding pine ;
Where Nature frowns : tho' sometimes into smiles
She softens ; and immediate, at the touch

† Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

* Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

‡ The antient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country, running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
But cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and, seiz'd by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceāns sleep,
Yet there life glows ; the fury millions there
Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows ;
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure us'd ;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds ;
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce ;
The nursery of nations !—These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd ;
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
As if in search of day ; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age ;
And tho' my spirit work'd by slow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising Winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne ;
So, Arts and each good Genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces arise,

Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom : like a bubble break
The passing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendor forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds,
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals ; wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours :
Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
With vigor thro' this infant being drudge ;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.

B R I T A I N:

BEING THE

FOURTH PART

OF

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THE
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O F
P A R T IV.

DIFFERENCE betwixt the Antients and Moderns slightly touched upon ; to ver. 30. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who, during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Sciences ; to ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them ; to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who, in her progress towards Great Britain, raises several free states and cities. These enumerated ; to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coast rise in the Vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the deep appears, and addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion ; to

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ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing Demons; to ver. 626. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her compleat establishment at the Revolution.

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L I B E R T Y.

P A R T ' IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amaz'd.

“ Ah, Goddess, what a change! Is earth the same;
“ Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds;
“ And does the same fair sun and'ether spread,
“ Round this vile spot, their all-enlivening soul?
“ Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
“ Of little pomp, magnificence no more
“ Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
“ While to rapacious interest Glory leaves
“ Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.”

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an ordered world.

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
“ Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
“ True, Genius droops; the tender antient taste
“ Of Beauty, then fresh blooming in her prime,
“ But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul:
“ And grandeur or of morals, or of life,
“ Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
“ Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
“ And aged life to deem the generous deeds
“ Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
“ Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep

" Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
" And all that calm Experience can disclose,
" (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
" Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;
" And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,
" Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd ; while earth, forsook
By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abondon'd prey.
Contention led the van ; first small of size,
But soon dilating, to the skies the towers ;
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blazed in omens, fwelled the groaning winds
With wild fufmizes, battlings, sounds of war :
From land to land the mad'ning trumpet blew,
And poured her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rushed the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War against human-kind ; Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train :
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law : the Foe of Arts
By monsters followed, hideous to behold,
That claimed their place. Outrageous mixed with
Another species of * tyrannic rule, [these
Unknown before, whose cancerous shackles seized
Th' envenomed soul ; a wilder Fury, she

* Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

Even o'er her * Elder Sister tyrannized;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud; the Sable Band,
Thundering,— “ Submit, ye Laity! ye profane!
“ Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours; let kings
“ Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
“ If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies.”
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frightened reason never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit still descends;
Mother of tortures! persecuting zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of faintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretences
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,

* Civil tyranny.

And poison reason; gross, She swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be seen but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
* Banditti Saints, disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
† Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave antient Freedom to the Rage \ddagger of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd Courage to the Bravo's \S trade,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd, to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening aeras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift We spread

* Crusades.

† The corruptions of the church of Rome.

\ddagger Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to
their chief.

\S Duelling.

A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mix'd
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup [Huns,
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld?
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to nature's common cast?
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes *, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art; whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow.
Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent

* The Hierarchy,

From antient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw,
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known hero *, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The gladiator †. Pityless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other ‡ from the gloom she drew.
Supported on his shortened arm he leans,

* The Hercules of Farnese.

† The fighting Gladiator.

‡ The dying Gladiator.

Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy, declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature fullen vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.

All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python came
The quivered God *. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd; her full proportion'd limbs
Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love † arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turned each limb, so swelled with softened art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.

* The Apollo of Belvidere.

† The Venus of Medici.

At last her utmost masterpiece she found §,
That Maœ‡ fir'd, the miserable fire,
Wrapt with his sons in Fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppres'd;
While, yet unpleas'd, the frightened other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more; but strait from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove *

§ The group of Laoedon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

‡ See Eneid II. Ver. 199.—227.

* It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master in modern sculpture, that he

Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till in a legislator's awful grace
Drest, Buonaroti bid a Moses * rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God *.

Of these observant, painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then extatic she diffus'd
The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the maner of her eldest race,
Barren and dry; just struggling from the taste
That had for ages scar'd, in cloysters dim,
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like happiness to tempt
Th' eternal chace. In elegant design
Improving nature; in ideas fair,

wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

* Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous, from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture and repose the sight.
The Lombard school * succeeding, mingled both.

Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

Even bigots smil'd; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp;
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, tho' freedom be their parent soil.

And now confess'd, with gently growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course,
She, with her tutor Science, in My train,
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew;

* The school of the Caracci.

While Reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling desarts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

On Arno's* fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd †. Thrice happy they!
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public blessings strow'd :
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

The barren rocks themselves beneath My Foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there ‡, like emmets, seiz'd,
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots

* The river Arno runs through Florence.

† The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena. They formerly have had very cruel wars with each other, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

‡ The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous,

Which nature left in her destroying rage §,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose :
And while My genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor be the then triumphant state forgot * ;
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remant still ‡
Inspir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of My old Roman flame some sparks alive :
The seeming god-built city ! which My hand
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny street ; where on each hand,

but the towns and villages for the most part ly hid a-
mong the Apennine rocks and mountains.

§ According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

* Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe,
with regard to trade, before the passage to the East
Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America, were
discovered.

‡ Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic
gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an ir-
ruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous
city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulph,
The mart of nations! long, obedient seas
Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose,
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They, jealous, watchful, silent and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his antient bounds, he took
A * larger circle; found another † seat,
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a ‡ League of friendly states,
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills

* The main Ocean.

† Great Britain.

‡ The Swiss Cantons.

From lakes and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
* Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd : while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintain them free; and, in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only gave the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows ;
But to firm order train'd, and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

Even, chear'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm
More than or Gallic or Italian plains :
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
† Pines to behold their Alpine views again ;
The hollow-winding stream ! the vale, fair-spread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills;

* Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

† The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

Whence, vapour-wing'd, the fullen tempest springs :
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes.
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd :
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A-gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-ash, and solemn-sounding pine :
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below ;
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky ; where shines
On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd My course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities * there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful and alive,
In each contented face, to look My soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;
There I the manly † race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those

* The Hans Towns.

† The Swedes.

* Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay.

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.

" O the dear prospect! O majestic view!

" See Britain's empire! Lo! the watery vast

" Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.

" And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,

" Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn

" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,

" Ineffable, a secret sweetnes breathes.

" Goddefs, forgive!—My heart, surpris'd, o'erflows,

" With filial fondness for the land you bless."

As parents to a child complacent deign

Approvance, the celestial brightness smil'd;

Then thus—As o'er the wave-resounding deep,

To my near reign, the happy Isle, I steer'd

With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge,

Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.

Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;

Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;

And ready thunder reddened in his hand,

Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud:

Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.

He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook

From shore to shore, in agitation dire,

It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice

* See note on verse 678.

(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main)

Address'd began—" By Fate commission'd, go,
" My Sister-Goddess now, to yon blest isle,
" Henceforth the Partner of my rough domain.
" All my dread walks to Britons open ly.
" Those that resplendent, or with rosy morn,
" Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse
" Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
" Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
" Even, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
" Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Caesars brav'd.
" Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
" Till now low-crept; and peddling Commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
" It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
" To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd
" To distant nations thro' the pathless main.
" Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black stormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning mast
" With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
" To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,

“ Each conquer’d ocean staining with their blood,
“ Instead of treasure robb’d by ruffian war,
“ Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
“ And bind the nations in a golden chain.
“ To these I honoured stoop. Rushing to light
“ A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds
“ Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
“ O’er those of fabling earth, as her’s to mine
“ In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
“ Such glories check, their unsubmittting soul
“ Would all my glory brave, my tempest climb,
“ And might in spite of me my kingdom force.”

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy Power
Eas’d the dark sky, and to the deeps returned :
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia’s shore.

Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick pursu’d, that from the smiling sea
Receiv’d me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill’d
With pleas’d astonishment the lab’ring hind,
Who for a while th’ unfinish’d furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath’d,
And her aerial train, these sounds of joy.
For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urg’d by Almighty power this favour’d isle
Turn’d flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian She—The Goddess, whose staid eye

Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her tresses, like a flood of softened light
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion. Full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her art.
Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting Me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt Spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The Native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey;
Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:
Of various names, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within:
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kis no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,

She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair-beck'ning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy :
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice :
Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment ;
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards ; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging Peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the Free!
'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,

With all the train of passions thence deriv'd :
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence stood : the generous Pair
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of Slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while ;
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common weal ;
Nor stormy Tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame :
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the Bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour clos'd the train : and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,

And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each clearing each,
And, like the circling planets from the sun,
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails; but thro' the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,

That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.

But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray.

As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire ; so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,
And all their works dissolve—The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting :
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride ;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scouls disdain.
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The Laugh

Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's Fools.

Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith ;
Nay more, the Godless Oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing Slander ; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury ; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic * night
To present grandeur how my Britain rose.

Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their woodland wars :
For by the Druid † taught, that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-saved life that must again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd,
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,

* Great-Britain was peopled by the Celts or Gauls.

† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Who saw'st thy Caesar, from the naked land,
Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreathes. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an * Empire's yoke, a stubborn Isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.

The North † remain'd untouched, where those who
scorn'd

To stoop retir'd; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall § immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burst the Northern ‡ Storm,
As often check'd, receded; threat'ning hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endured controul, when, to support
The last remains || of empire, was recall'd

* The Roman empire.

† Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

§ The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

‡ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

|| The Roman empire being miserably torn by the

The weary Roman, and the Briton lay

Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.

Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.

* The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus † to battle led
Silurian swains, and Boadicea ‡ taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-eye'd Saxon came;
He came implor'd, but came with other aim

northern nations, Britian was for ever abandon'd by
the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

* The Britons applying to Aetius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition—"We know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

† King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

‡ Queen of the Iceni; her story is well known.

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Than to protect. For conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.
Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice : * deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,

* It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths,) that death was but the entrance into another life ; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the sculls of their enemies they had slain ; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

In Odin's hall; whose blazing roof resounds
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And tho' more polish'd times the martial Creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all:
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends my British Reign. Untamed
To the refining subtilties of slaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that Freedom, which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old tho' the whole Scythian Mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-King, and Chieftain-Thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant * Heptarchy; and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw

* The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general or Wittenagemot.

* Egbert and Peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when lo ! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest ere a people felt.

The Danish Raven †, lured by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ;
While close behind them march'd the sallow Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights
In graft-grown cities, and in desert fields ;
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom
Even Friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,

* Egbert king of Wessex, who after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

† A famous Danish standard was called Reafan or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapped its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But Superstition first, and Monkish dreams,
And monk-directed, cloyster-seeking kings,
Had eat away his vigour, eat away
His edge of Courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when with Alfred *, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities, and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings' § bloody field.
Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

A while my Spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.

* Alfred the great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of Juries.

§ The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Instead of Edward's § equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
Deep-stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of Freedom, Property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, Arms; with Castles crush'd,
With Ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the Curfew † sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom of antient times,
Mus'd sad, or dream'd of better. Even to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown ‡ forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.

§ Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of 'The Laws of Edward.'

† The Curfew bell (from the French Couvrefeu) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

‡ The new Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for about thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
 The Church, by Kings intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
 Or tempted, by the timorous and the weak,
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
 The Barons next a nobler league began,
 Both those of English and of Norman race,
 In one fraternal nation blended now,
 The Nation of the Free! pres'd by a § band
 Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
 That looks delighted on, the Tyrant see!
 Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
 His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
 And gives the Charter, by which life indeed
 Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Thro' this and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd
 These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
 Of Opposition || hence began to blow,
 And often since have lent the country life.
 Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,
 The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly;

§ On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by
 the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter
 of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

|| The league formed by the Barons, during the
 reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confe-
 deracy made in England in defence of the nation's in-
 terest against the King.

Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

Though with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the People still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For Me reserved,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in * senates rose,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul,
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By Me to bondage was corrupted ROME,
I through the Northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,

* The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry III.'s reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four Knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that aera.

And pour'd new spirit thro' a slavish world.
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the King and Chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engros'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began
By raising the Democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
KING, LORDS and COMMONS; nor the name of Free
Deserving while the vassal-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depriv'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual proof.

When Kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
To poultry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,

And in a broken ruin'd people wealth;
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an * Edward, and an † Henry, breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul;
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide attracted merit round them glow'd:
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling-point in view: when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint:
When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive: as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe:
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard:
No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd:
On aid unquestion'd, liberal aid was given:

* Edward III.

† Henry V.

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And * Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
What Kings supported by almighty Love,
And People fir'd with Liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns ||, when kindred rage
The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flamé. But in the next behold!
A cautious Tyrant † lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
§ At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plan'd
A law ‡, that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,

* Three famous battles gained by the English over the French.

|| During the civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

† Henry VII.

§ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

‡ Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

And with that wealth their implicated power,
By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
Even working to this day. With streams, deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
The vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine ;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along ; but, thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows ;
Waters a thousand fields ; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.

His furious Son * the soul-enslaving chain †,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first thro' Wickliff † streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bare'd to the blaze,

* Henry VIII.

† Of papal dominion.

† John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, toward the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers were very numerous, and were called Lollards.

* Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd
 Her motly sons, fantastic figures all;
 And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
 A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
 A golden flood. From other * worlds were roll'd
 The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
 By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his woé; and to the blissful groves,
 Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
 And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
 Drew Rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
 The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
 Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
 But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
 Against the Barons weigh'd, Eliza, then,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the Public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by Me, beneath her sheltering arm
 In spite of raging † universal Sway,

* Suppression of monasteries.

† The Spanish West-Indies.

‡ The dominion of the House of Austria.

And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the Continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long-threatened fleet *,
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle,
Nor ceas'd the British Thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,
The trembling foe even to the centre shook
Of their new-conquered world, and skulking stole
By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remained,
A wide voracious gulph, where swallowed oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit, was My great effort.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior Beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smiled.

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commisioned, came,

* The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Came in the Prince *, who drunk with flattery, dreamt
 His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world :
 Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewildered in a maze
 Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslaved,
 And by a worthless crew infatiate drained,
 He lost his people's confidence and love :
 Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd ;
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd :
 Abandon'd § Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
 But nothing that to these internal broils,
 That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway
 He, with his slavish doctors, tried to rear
 ¶ On metaphysic, on enchanted ground,
 And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :
 As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
 Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
 Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,
 The fierce, the † foolish discord thence deriv'd,

* James I.

§ Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor Ferdinand ; while James the first, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

† The parties of Whig and Tory.

That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince purs'd his claim :
Content to teach the subject-herd, how great,
How sacred he ! how despicable they !

But his unyielding * Son these doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
By reasoning his fire;) and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied :
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of false designing guilt, the fountain § he
Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
Th' illegal imposition followed harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train : Informers, Spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove,
Pursue : projectors of aggrieving schemes,

* Charles I.

† Parliaments.

* Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 † To sell the starving many to the few,
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
 Even from that place, whence healing peace should flow,
 And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
 Their § poison round; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,
 And Violence the sword. Afflicted years,
 Too-patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear,
 And mingled rage, my Hambden rajs'd his voice,
 And to the Laws appealed; the laws no more
 In Judgment sat; behoved some other ear.
 When instant from the keen resenting North,
 By long Oppression, by Religion rous'd,
 The Guardian Army came. Beneath its wing
 Was called, ho' meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
 In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece nor Rome,
 Indignant, bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of Me, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,

* Ship-money.

† Monopolies:

§ The raging High-Church sermons of these times,
 inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the
 court, and of bitter persecution against those whom
 they call Church and State Puritans.

Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.

This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad Enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heightened blaze: and ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the
ground,
Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the § Phoenix-State.
The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious King ‡,
Was purchased || that which taught the young to bend.

§ At the Restoration.

‡ Charles II.

|| Court of Wards.

Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependant grew;
And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, or shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd, profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
The port † pernicious sold, the Scylla since
And fell Charybdis of the British seas;

Freedom attack'd abroad §, with surer blow
 To cut it off at home ; the favour-league †
 Of Europe broke; the progress even advanc'd
 Of universal sway ‡, which to reduce
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd-vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own *,
 Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
 All these, broad-glaring, ope'd the general eye,
 And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest nature shock.
 Not even the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
 Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom thro' the land †; ‡
 Nor Sidney bleeding for the unpublish'd pages; †
 Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd;
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form;

§ The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

† The Triple Alliance.

‡ Under Lewis XIV.

* A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

† The charters of corporations.

Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king †, and hurry'd fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous fear'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew.
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds ‡,
Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.

† James II.

‡ The Prince of Orange in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

See : wide alive, the foaming Channel bright §
With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword :
And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweet contempt of death, My streaming flag *.
Even adverse navies bles'd the binding gale †,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host ‡

§ Rapin in his history of England—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

* The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses arms, surrounded with this motto, “ The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.” And underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, *Je Maintiendrai*, “ I will maintain.”

RAPIN.

† The English fleet.

‡ The King's army.

For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

* Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd
By more than human hand, the public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield*
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince ||
Even lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or to chearless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of fiend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it. What tho' tools of wanton power,

* By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

|| Willliam III.

Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call.
What tho' they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud Oppression's fangs !
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye ;
To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view ; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British soul : for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;
While (still superior blis) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd : the precipice of ill.
Oh luxury divine ! Oh poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones !
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now behold ! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, My Fabric stands compleat,
The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crouds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all ; while plenty flows,

And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

V.

THE
PROSPECT:
BEING THE
FIFTH PART
OF
LIBERTY,

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ЧИТ

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НЕ ПОДОГРЕВАЕТ

THE
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OF
PART V.

AUTHOR addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great-Britain, as arising from her influence, to verse 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief Virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

КНЯЗЬ
СТИКТИО
ЧО
УТАДА

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T V.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paus'd,—

“ Oh blest Britannia! in thy presence bless'd,
“ Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring alone,
“ All human grandeur, happiness and fame;
“ For Toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain;
“ The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
“ And gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
“ Let other lands the potent blessing boast
“ Of more exalted suns. Let Asia's woods,
“ Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
“ And let the little insect-artist form,
“ On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
“ Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose
“ The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.
“ From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
“ A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
“ Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
“ With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
“ The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
“ Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
“ Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow;
“ And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
“ Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru,

“ Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
“ The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,—
“ Unequal'd bliss—and to unequal'd rage!
“ Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
“ Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
“ Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise
“ Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she
“ Derives her praise from Thee, her matchless charms.
“ Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
“ And warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
“ Prolific team. Eternal verdure crowns
“ Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring.
“ She gives the hunter horse, unequal'd by toil,
“ Ardent, to rush into the rapid chace:
“ She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive pours
“ Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe,
“ That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves,
“ The richest pasture spreads; and, her's, deep-wave
“ Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
“ These her delight; and by no baneful herb,
“ No darting tyger, no grim lyon's glare,
“ No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
“ In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
“ Disturb'd. Enlivening these, and cities, full
“ Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds
“ Add thriving towns: add villages and farms,
“ Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale,
“ Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell;
“ Add antient seats, with venerable oaks
“ Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below

“ Wind thro’ the mead ; and those of modern hand,
 “ More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar :
 “ Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
 “ Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O
 Thames !

“ On whose each tide, glad with returning sails
 “ Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ?
 “ And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious fwell
 “ And waves, resounding, imitate the main ?
 “ Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
 “ That point around the world ? and why her seas ?
 “ All ocean is her own, and every land
 “ To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears,
 “ She too the mineral feeds, th’ obedient Lead,
 “ The warlike Iron, nor the peaceful less,
 “ Forming of life art-civilized the bond ;
 “ And that * the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
 “ Not dreaming then of Britain’s brighter fame.
 “ She rears to Freedom an undaunted race ;
 “ Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind.
 “ Her’s the warm Cambrian, her’s the lofty Scot,
 “ To hardship tam’d, active in arts and arms,
 “ Fir’d with a restless, an impatient flame,
 “ That leads him raptur’d where Ambition calls :
 “ And English Merit her’s : where meet, combin’d,
 “ Whate’er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
 “ An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 “ And firm tenacious valour can bestow.

* Tin.

M

“ Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She :
 “ Great nurse of men ! By Thee, O Goddess, taught,
 “ Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 “ Of wealth, of grandeur ; and to Britons sing
 “ A strain the Muses never touch'd before.

“ *But how shall this thy mighty Kingdom stand ?*
 “ *On what unyielding base ? how finished shine ?*”

At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd more than human ; and her awful voice,
 Majestic thus she rais'd—“ To Britons bear
 “ This closing strain, and with intenser note
 “ Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.”

On *Virtue* can alone *my kingdom stand*,
 On *public virtue*, *every virtue join'd*.
 For, lost this social cement of mankind,
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
 Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.
 Unbless'd by *Virtue*, *Government and League*
 Becomes a circling junto of the Great,
 To robe by Law ; Religion mild, a yoke
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
 What are without *it* Senates, save a face
 Of consultation deep and reason free,
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold ?
 What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name ?
 And what Election, but a market vile
 Of slaves self-barter'd ? *Virtue*, without Thee,
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ;

War has no vigour, and no safety peace :
 Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,
 Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails,
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves ;
 Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
 Evering life, and turning love to gall ;
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods.
 And Lybia's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those Three Virtues be the frame sustain'd
 Of British Freedom : Independent Life ;
 Integrity in Office ; and o'er all
 Supreme, a passion for the Common-Weal.

Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul !
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
 Fair dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public Freedom, hail, thou sacred source !
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth.
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That Nature craves. Its happy master there
 The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round :
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending, fearless Truth ;
 Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all.
 That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,

Philosophy, companion ever new.
These clear his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Meantime, true-judging moderate desires,
Oeconomy and Taste, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within,
That Independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below :
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.

Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence
They purchase disappointment, pain and shame.
Instead of hearty, hospitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows ;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrim'd,
And Nature by presumptuous Art oppress'd,
The woodland Genius mourns. See ! the full board
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy :
No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;
Nor Wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark ! how the dome with Insolence resounds,

With those retain'd with Vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion, mark !
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck !
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing : or, to show
Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and even the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops.
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without ohe generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe :
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er ;
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each :
'Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him bare.
O far superior Afric's fable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing Slaves !
And rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boast alone !

Britons ! be firm ! —— nor let Corruption fly.

Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Caesar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Caesars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence; for, that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That fleets aërial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it, Heaven ! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on My sons ;
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom ?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd ;
The guardian public ; every face they see,
And every friend ; nay, in effect themselves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

But, ah too little known to modern times !
Be not the noblest passion past unsung ;
That ray peculiar from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul ;
Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame !
Celestial ardor ! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
From Thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by Thee,

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Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight!
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from Self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :
Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to Self,
Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my Reign ?

An active flood of universal Love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit hovers creation round,
And seizes every being : stronger then
It tends to Life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies : then, more collected still,
It urges Human kind : a passion grown,
At last, the central Parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of Self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public Good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin : while for ever shut

Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those antient lights, that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire !
Life tedious grows, an idly bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when emulation stung,
Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
The pale inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?
The fell deputed tyrant who devours
The poor, and weak, at distance from redress * ?

* Lord Molesworth in his account of Denmark says—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and common-wealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of government is advantageous to the subjects, whilst the

Delirious faction bellowing loud My name ?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will,
By deeds a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?
Who these indeed can undetesting see ?—
But why unpitying ? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue ; and, tho' self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouze
The hero's throb. Nor can a land at once,
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then !
Fit luxury for Gods ! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert !)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent ! and gross ! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well fought laurels yield
To slyly conquering Gaul ; even from her brow

distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to
oppression.

Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoiced.
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birth-right for a cooling draught.
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
'Till private, failing, staggers thro' the land:
'Till round the city loose mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries, abound:
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
And those on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;

No mark of millions, in the gulph absorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rouz'd Corruption still demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust-band within, and in the bud
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all My sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join :
Let worth and virtue, scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain ?—
Good-nature, honest truth even somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, —
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them —
Nor only wont. Wide o'er the land diffus'd,

In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospects turn we now the view,
To laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
That lend My Finish'd Fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of fullen genius he !
Curs'd by the Muses ! by the Graces loath'd !
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of My reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
'Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city and devour the land.:
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and oblivious funk,
That nation must another Carthage ly.
If not by them, on monumental bras,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
Imprest, renown had left no trace behind :
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouze ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and dreft by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, My close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple-guise,
She walks the furrow with the consul-swain,

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Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy drest, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod :
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes Retreat *,
Unequal'd glory : with the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men !
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March'd to sure conquest—never gain'd before † !
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide
Of high-sworn empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but the Aonian maids, no syrens sing,
Or shoud the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,

* The famous retreat of the ten thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territory.

Plutarch in Agesilaus.

While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,
And saves a while from Caesar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets Reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world.
But Finer Arts (save what the Muse has fung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head; and Public Works,
Broke by Corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.

Shall Britons, by their own joint Wisdom rul'd
Beneath one Royal Head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the Whole;
In Finer Arts, and Public Works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust armies o'er the blasted land:
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own infatiate reservoir to fill:
'To the lone Desart Patriot-Merit frowns,

Or into dungeons Arts, when they, their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other Licence scorn but Truth's and Mine.
 Oh shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose ?
 Even in that monarch's * reign, who vainly dreamt
 By giddy power betray'd, and flattered pride,
 To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field ;
 To hostile lands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
 From Britain chief, while My superior sons,
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low :
 Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,
 What Public Works, at home, what Arts arose !
 What various Science shone ! what Genius glow'd !

'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;
 The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal †,
 Thro' mountains piercing and uniting seas ;
 The dome || resounding sweet with infant joy,
 From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
 And that ‡ where Valour counts his noble scars ;

* Lewis XIV.

† The canal of Languedoc.

|| The hospital for foundlings.

‡ The hospital for invalids.

The land where social Pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce Demon, Gothic Duel, freed ;
The robber from his farthest forest chac'd ;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd Arts,
And Science, by despotic bounty bleff'd,
At distance flourish'd from My Parent-Eye.
Restoring antient taste, how Boileau rose.
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, tho' more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
Chastis'd and regular, with well judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm * seminaries spread ;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From Rome, a while, how painting, courted long,
With Poussin came ; antient design, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another soul.
How the kind † Art, that, of unvalued price,

* The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

† Engraving.

The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and thro' the shadow'd piece,
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,
Astonish'd saw the sudden palace swell,
And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace clear'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom *.

These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,
And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow;
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhor'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigor had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-funk millions fed? Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
Iu Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without me a transitory gleam.

* The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow !
Till Arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom : then malignant rise
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds,
That, blasting Merit, often cover courts :
Nay should perchance some kind Maecenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his Prince's soul,
His way'ring ardor fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;
Yet death at last and wintry tyrants come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring ;
While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil and Nature can produce.

Here ceas'd the Goddess ; and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd ; when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.
" Oh forming light of life ! On better sun !
" Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy North,
" Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies,
" That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile :
" When shall we call these antient laurels ours ?
" And when thy work complete ?" Straight with her
hand,
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,

So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below :
The future shone disclos'd, and in long view,
Bright rising aeras instant rush'd to light.

“ They come ! Great Goddess ! I the Times behold !
“ The Times our fathers in the bloody field
“ Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
“ In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
“ The Times I see ! whose glory to supply,
“ For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
“ Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
“ Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
“ Might vie our Grandeur, and with Greece our Art.
“ Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,
“ And still conducting firm some brave design ;
“ Kings ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
“ Burst the blockade of false designing men,
“ Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
“ And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :
“ Their court rejoicing millions ; Worth, alone,
“ And Virtue dear to them ; their best delight,
“ In just proportion, to give general joy ;
“ Their jealous care Thy Kingdom to maintain ;
“ The public glory theirs ; inspiring love
“ Their endless treasure ; and their deeds their praise.
“ With Thee they work. Nought can resist Your force :
“ Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats :
“ Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art ;
“ His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks ;
“ And, big with fruits of Glory, Virtue blows

“ Expansive o'er the land. Another race
“ Of Generous Youth, of Patriot Sires, I see!
“ Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
“ Of court and ball and play; those venal souls,
“ Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
“ That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
“ I see the Fountains purg'd! whence life derives
“ A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
“ Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
“ Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
“ But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
“ Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
“ And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
“ At once informing light and moving flame;
“ Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
“ The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
“ In all that mind or body can adorn,
“ And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
“ Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
“ And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
“ Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
“ Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of heaven,
“ Unpurchas'd, shines on all, and from her beam,
“ Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
“ That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
“ Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves:
“ See! how her legal Furies bite the lip,
“ While Yorkes and Talbots their deep snares detect,
“ And seize swift justice thro' the clouds they raise.
“ See! social labour lifts his guarded head,

“ And men not yield to government in vain.
“ From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
“ And the leud nurse of villains, idle waste ;
“ Lo ! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their madden-
“ ing bowl,
“ A nation's poison ! beauteous order reigns !
“ Manly submission, unimposing toil,
“ Trade without guile, civility that marks
“ From the foul herd of brutal slaves Thy sons,
“ And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
“ To flow but dreadful vengeance rouze the just,
“ Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold !
“ That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
“ Their own blest isle against a leaguing world.
“ Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
“ Dissolv'd her dr̄eam of universal sway :
“ The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
“ And not a fail, but by permission, spreads.
“ Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,
“ Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
“ Of undeserv'd distress, the better home
“ Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
“ Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
“ And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey ;
“ But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise ;
“ Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
“ And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
“ Horrid with want and misery, no more
“ Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
“ Nor shivering age, nor sickness without a friend,

“ Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
“ Nor agonizing infant, that ne’er earn’d
“ Its guiltless pangs, I see! The stores, profuse,
“ Which British bounty has to these assign’d,
“ No more the sacrilegious riot swell
“ Of cannibal devourers! Right applied,
“ No starving wretch the land of Freedom stains:
“ If poor, employment finds; if old demands,
“ If sick, if maim’d, his miserable due;
“ And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
“ Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet
“ The morning shines, in Mercy’s dews array’d.
“ Lo! how they rise! these Families of Heaven!
“ † That! chief, (but why—ye bigots! why so late?)
“ Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
“ What smiles of praise! And, while their song ascends,
“ The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
“ Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
“ With active nature, warm impassion’d truth,
“ Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
“ Of various string, and heart-felt image fill’d.
“ Behold! I see the dread delighted school
“ Of temper’d passions, and of polish’d life,
“ Restor’d: behold! the well-dissembled scene
“ Calls from embellish’d eyes the lovely tear,
“ Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
“ Lo! vanish’d Monster-land. Lo! driven away
“ Those that Apollo’s sacred walks profane:

‡ An hospital for foundlings.

" Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to Nature, Chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene * its Ouran-Outangs pours;
 " Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest,
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
 " Behold! all thine again the Sister Arts,
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance,
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouze
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.
 " Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess:
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
 " The temple breathing a religious awe:
 " Even fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste never idly working, saves expence.
 " See! sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends
 " To dres her mistres, and disclose her charms:
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening † forest spreads;
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
 " August around what public works I see!
 " Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
 " In spite of those to whom pertains the care,

* A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

† Okely woods, near Cirencester.

“ Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
“ Lo ! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
“ Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
“ Lo ! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
“ With easy sweep bestrides the chaffing flood.
“ See ! long canals and deepen'd rivers join
“ Each part with each, and with the circling main
“ The whole enliven'd isle. Lo ! ports expand,
“ Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
“ Lo ! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
“ On every pointed coast the light-house tow'rs;
“ And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
“ Hark ! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
The vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

T H E E N D.



